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Style, Sydney, b. 1848

An address delivered in the
Church of Humanity, Falkland
Street, Liverpool, on 12
Descartes 54 (Nov. 18,
1908), in memory of

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THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY

Founded under the Inspiration of Clotilde by Auguste Comte

LOVE FOR PRINCIPLE AND ORDER FOR BASIS
PROGRESS FOR AIM
ORDER AND PROGRESS. LIVE FOR OTHERS. LIVE OPENLY
FAMILY—COUNTRY—HUMANITY

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY
FALKLAND STREET, LIVERPOOL, ON
12 DESCARTES 54 (NOV. 18, 1908)

IN MEMORY OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF

ALBERT CROMPTON

*'Amem te plus quam me
nec me nisi propter te.'*

BY

SYDNEY STYLE



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The following readings formed part of the Service preceding the address:—

FROM AUGUSTE COMTE.

We must distinguish two successive lives in each true servant of Humanity: the one temporary but conscious constitutes life, properly so called: the other unconscious but permanent does not begin till after death. The first being always bodily may be termed objective, especially in contrast with the second, which leaving each to exist only in the hearts and minds of others deserves the name of subjective.

This is the noble immortality necessarily disconnected with the body which Positivism allows our soul. The dead with us are freed from the laws of matter and of life; we remember their subjection thereto only that we may recall them better as we knew them. But they do not cease to love, and even to think, in us and by us. The sweet exchange of feelings and ideas that passed between us and them becomes at once closer and more continuous when they are detached from bodily existence.

Only in her subjective and eternal life can the excellence of Humanity be shewn. Our nature needs purification through death to assert its highest attributes. They stand out then clear of the grosser accompaniments which previously obscured them. In death alone can we attain the sublime transformation towards which our animal nature tends.

The dead alone represent Humanity; in truth they collectively constitute Humanity.

From an address on *Form* by ALBERT CROMPTON, delivered at the Church of Humanity, Chapel Street, London, on 27 Homer 47 (*February 24th, 1901*).

The human mind shapes and brings into form the various impressions it receives from the senses according to their natural order, and so connects all with Humanity—sums up indeed all in Humanity—for Humanity condenses in herself the external as well as the human order. It is through her eyes that we see the earth, her dwelling place, and all its beauties, and the order of the heavens—sun, moon, and stars—her mind has created for us the space illimitable wherein our fancies are free to rove.

Form then is the result of the active exercise of man's synthetic powers, his intellectual and affective faculties; let us say, the power of his intellect works under the inspiration of his heart and the product is form. Under the inspiration of feeling, man's senses drink in impressions from the world without, which stamp themselves on the brain within, and are there transformed or transfigured by the power of his genius into shapes or forms the most exquisite. The inspiration of the heart is essential, or the form will be imperfect and uncouth.

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Wordsworth writes in the *Excursion* (Bk. IX) :—

‘Far as kindly nature hath free scope,
And reason's sway predominates, even so far
Country, society, and time itself partake
Of one maternal spirit.’

You will see in these noble words how the poet endeavours to bring all his conceptions of the world and man into unity, and how the *form*, into which

his brain casts everything, that which makes all one, is *maternal*.

What he calls the maternal spirit, that which he perceives to animate country, society, and time itself, we are taught to call Humanity—even the sum of all convergent human effort through the ages, and the unerring instinct of the poet coincides here with the elaboration of the philosopher in seeing that the form taken by what the poet calls ‘the spirit,’ what we should call the ‘energy’ of the race, must be maternal.

To unify all human love, all human knowledge, all human power, must ever be the highest effort of the human brain, whether of poet or philosopher, so summing up no less the external order than the order of man’s world. To put all this into the form which shall for ever and ever satisfy man’s highest thoughts and deepest feelings—surely this is the supreme effort of human intelligence. Sacred the instrument which can so generalize, so systematize, and then, as it were, spontaneously bring to birth such a creation, such a ‘form.’ Sacred, too, above all sacred to us, is the form so produced.

Let us look a little more closely at this form. What is this maternal spirit of which Wordsworth speaks? The maternal spirit is that which resides in mothers, and is seen to assert itself more conspicuously in mothers than anywhere else. This is a spirit or quality with which we are all to our great happiness very familiar. But we must not say that it is a quality which is a necessary consequence of physical maternity. It may be found more developed in some who have never brought forth children than in others who have done so. How many a poor, unwedded woman, lonely and deserted, has felt keenly surging within her heart this truly human spirit of maternity. But it is a quality which physical maternity and the care of the young tends to draw out in many, very many,

instances. And so, wherever we see it, we call it maternal; spontaneously we associate it with the fact of maternity.

Than this quality we know none truer, none nobler, or more beautiful. It combines the action of all the social feelings—benevolence no doubt mainly, but hardly less attachment and veneration, for where can we find a true mother whose heart is not filled with something of awe for the mysterious little creature entrusted to her care? And we note how vigorously it stimulates the active qualities when the young of some animal is threatened.

Therefore, when Wordsworth tells us that country and society partake of one maternal spirit, he means to say that he finds there all he knows as truest, noblest, and most beautiful. Of course countries and societies are sometimes led astray and shew other qualities which we deplore. But that is their imperfection, the imperfection which they share with everything of which we have positive knowledge. There still remains the fact that, amid all these deplorable divagations, there subsists something of that which we know as most beautiful—something of the maternal.

Now the function of religion is to reduce all things to one form—the most perfect and beautiful form possible—and to exhibit this ‘form’ for the admiration and love of its worshippers, that so they may discipline their lives rather by filling their souls with love of the beautiful than by repressive action. For love is the essence of true religion, and by love men are more firmly united together than by any other means whatever, and we must love that best whose form is the most beautiful. This shows us clearly how all important is the form taken by that unity towards which we all look.

Now, as this form is to be maternal, the result of its adoration must be to give to all a better chance of themselves growing in its likeness, of developing in

themselves something of the maternal quality, so that individuals and families, cities and countries, may gradually grow more and more in the likeness of this great mother.

First of all this form resides within us. It is pictured on our brains, or let us rather say, the mother's image dwells within our hearts. The image enshrined there is the product of all we have ever learnt about the maternal spirit Wordsworth has noted to exist in all forms of human association.

And we may fashion her, form her—in truth we cannot help so forming her—in the likeness of our own human Saints, of those who have in the first instance taught us in what maternity consists. Very, very sacred then the form becomes here, as we picture, each one for a moment to ourselves, these holy ones who represent the highest. For these human saints are those our best beloved—those with whom we have lived—who have shared life's joys and sorrows with us. Perhaps we have knelt at their knees, perhaps we have knelt beside them, perhaps they have given us birth, or given birth to our children. Let their special relationship to us take what shape it may, these are they who give form to the perfect Mother and help us to conceive of her whose tenderness and purity are unrivalled.

But however lovely, however beloved, the image we evoke, we must remember that this Mother who must dwell enshrined in the heart of every true worshipper of Humanity is but the feeble reflection of the reality, the perfect Mother whose existence is outside each one, and yet has no existence save in the lives of her children. She it is who has lived on this her planet through the past ages, whose presence is found everywhere where man lives on the earth to-day, whose being will endure so long as man endures.

She is that of which the Mother in the hearts of each one is but the type or representation. She is Humanity herself.

FROM FORMER SACRED WRITINGS.

Their bodies are buried in peace but their name
liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the
congregation will shew forth their praise.

We saw him in the garden, the pleasant garden,
With his companions and his children, the children
he loved.

His children and his servants blessed him.

His home was the shelter of happiness.

Peace be upon him.

We saw him giving food to the hungry, and
clothing to the naked,

We saw him give help and succour to the aged.

And good counsel to the young.

Peace be upon him.

He is the exalted man from whose presence none
who seek aid or protection depart hopeless.

The man of character does not go out of his place,
he is modest in speech but exceeds in action.

He to whom all things are one, he who reduces all
things to one, and seeth all things in one; may enjoy
a quiet mind.

The more a man is united within himself, and becometh inwardly simple, so much the more and higher things doth he understand.

If the truth shall have set thee free then thou shalt be free indeed, and shalt not care for the vain words of men.

Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility, for it thinks all things lawful for itself and all things possible.

All the saints the higher they are in glory, so much the more humble are they in themselves, and the nearer and dearer to me.

Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

The Address



WE are met to-night to commemorate the life of Albert Crompton, one of the founders of our Church in Liverpool, for the last eighteen years our respected leader and friend.

His grandfather, Dr. Crompton, lived at Eton House, Wavertree, and carried on his profession gratuitously among the poor of what was then a thinly populated district.

His father was a barrister, practising on the Northern Circuit, and in our local Court of Passage, as well as in London. He had a strong character, a mind stored with learning, was singularly well-gifted with the power of reasoning, and possessed of much quaint humour. He was loved by all who knew him, successful in his profession, becoming assessor to the Court of Passage, and Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench.

Albert's mother was a woman of deep religious feeling, averse to any outward show of her faith. Some little time before he was born she lost an infant child, and she looked forward to the birth of the new child with special feelings of hope and reverence. Albert was born in Endsleigh Street, London, on the 9th August, 1843. On being put into the arms of his eldest sister, then about ten, she felt towards him

as a mother, and continued to do so throughout her life; he reciprocated the feeling, and looked up to her as a second mother. There were then two brothers and three sisters, and a third brother was born two years after. It was a happy united family, no bickering or ill-natured remarks were heard, conversation was bright and interesting, and over all presided the gracious presence of his mother, to whom everyone, even the strong-minded father deferred. Albert was noted for the joyousness of his disposition; many of you know his portrait by Richmond, as a lovely boy of five, with long curls, holding his hoop. When he was eleven, his mother took her children to the continent for three months. They travelled through Holland, up the Rhine, and on to Switzerland. Their father joined them for the last few weeks and they came home by the valley of the Rhone and Paris. An enjoyable time it was for all, and enlarged Albert's experience in many ways; his mother's delight in the lake and mountain scenery, which she often sketched, fostered his enjoyment of them, then, and in future years. His first school was a private school in Westbourne Grove, where he stayed only a short time. He then went to Mr. Newland's in Oxford Terrace, London. A son of Dr. Aikin went to the same school and the families of the Cromptons and the Aikins became intimate, and frequently met for games, music and acting. A record remains of a play in which Albert took part when he was twelve.

At thirteen he went to Harrow and entered the house of Monsieur Ruault, one of the French masters, later passing into the house of Dr. Vaughan, the head-master. He moved steadily up the school, getting into the sixth form when he was seventeen, he obtained a place in the school football team, and took delight in 'runs' that is excursions into the country, round Harrow Hill, on foot, running the greater part of the way, to get as far as possible, and

explore the neighbourhood. Once he and his friend, Kennedy, broke out of the house at two o'clock in the morning, ran over to Eton, a distance of nearly twenty miles, saw the boys go to their first school, took the train back to Ealing, ran up to Harrow and arrived without being found out. He was at Harrow five years and formed several life-long friendships there, one being with Edward Bowen, one of the masters. Although his parents were Unitarians, he had been baptised in the Church of England when he was six, and while at Harrow he seriously considered his religious position, and on his own initiative was confirmed. But there were less pleasing sides of the school life, and in later years, he often spoke of the perils of a public school education.

From Harrow he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in due time passed all the examinations necessary for obtaining the degree of Master of Arts, but he never took his degree.

At Harrow and Cambridge he was the leader of a band of friends, who delighted in one another's society; he had a quick wit, great humour and love of fun, and the gift of saying droll things, imagining quaint situations, and expressing out of the way ideas in appropriate language, so that he was a very agreeable companion. In outdoor exercises he was a good swimmer, fond of fishing, a bold mountaineer, and a great walker; once walking from Cambridge to Oxford, a distance of 76 miles in the twenty-four hours. During the vacation of 1863, he again went to Switzerland with his mother, younger sisters, and brother; a Harrow friend joined him in climbing Monte Rosa, and taking long walks there. He and his friend Bowen went to Denmark on velocipedes in 1864, during the earlier stages of the Schleswig-Holstein War, went over the fortress of Duppel shortly after the failure of the Prussian assault upon it, and were at one time under fire. In the same year he had a walking tour of 500

miles in Scotland with three friends. It was about this time he made an ascent in a balloon. When Albert was 22 his father died after a long and painful illness during which he took a considerable share in the nursing.

The following year Mrs. Aikin took her daughters to Cambridge in the May term at Commemoration time. The friends took them on the river and to the festivities which then took place. During this visit Albert Crompton awoke to the extreme beauty and simplicity of character of Elinor Aikin, and noticed the many admirers who gathered round her. Before she left he knew that he loved her, and saw that if he were to win her he must lose no time in doing so. He pressed his suit and shortly after asked her to marry him. Her first reply was that she would pray that she might love him, and a few days later they became engaged. Soon after he took her to visit Dr. Congreve at Wandsworth. On Dr. Congreve objecting that he was too young to be married according to the Positivist scheme of life, he at once replied that there was the right difference between their ages.

On leaving Cambridge he entered Chitty's Chambers as a pupil, which was then recognised as the best training for a man who wished to become eminent at the bar. After his pupilage, he practised as a special pleader, and went several circuits as Marshal to Baron Channell.

His brother, Henry, had become acquainted with the writings of Comte in 1861, and with Dr. Congreve a few years later. He told Albert of Positivism, and Albert soon accepted the Religion of Humanity, regarding his change of belief as a passage into a freer atmosphere with finer hopes for the future. He supported Henry Crompton in his vigorous public action in support of Trades Unions at a time when Trades Unions were extremely unpopular on account of the Sheffield outrages, and he drew up rules for the Operative Bricklayers' Society. The Preface is

headed 'Live for Others,' and shows that the author was familiar with the Positivist theory as to the social claims and duties of the workman.

Albert Crompton was married to Elinor Aikin at St. James Church, Westbourne Park, on the 13th of August, 1869, and lived in Westbourne Park Villas. He had a serious attack of typhoid fever the year after he was married. His wife learnt his faith from him, and when their first child was born in 1871 wished her to be presented. The ceremony, one of the first presentations in England, was performed by Dr. Congreve in the Positivist School, Chapel Street, London; afterwards the first Church of Humanity in England, and of which Albert Crompton was one of the lessees.

Work came slowly, and having a wife and child to support he began to be anxious about the future. So when he received a letter from Mr. Philip Holt inviting him to come to Liverpool as cashier in the office of his brother and himself, it was the subject of careful consideration. His mother did not wish him to leave London, and his wife's family strongly objected to his doing so, regarding it as an exile into barbarism. He consulted Dr. Congreve, who put before him the relative advantages of the two careers, but said he must choose for himself. After much hesitation he accepted the offer and came in January, 1872, never afterwards regretting that he had done so.

The business of the firm was then small as compared with what it afterwards became, but the kind of business is as varied for a few ships, as for many, and from the first he applied himself to all its branches; nothing was too unimportant, or too difficult for his attention, he was ready at all hours to do what was required, for the success of the firm. He did not so much carry out the orders of his employers, as anticipate what had to be done, and do it in accordance

with their wishes. For the thirty years he was with them there was not the slightest misunderstanding or disagreement between them. It was the same with all in the office, and afterwards with the captains, sailors, stevedores, and workmen who worked with him as he passed from the position of cashier to that of manager, first of the office, and afterwards of the whole business. He was so simple and straightforward, so devoted to his work, without regard to his personal ease or advantage, that he inspired others with the same spirit. Efficiency was his aim, he punctually kept all his engagements, he looked after the welfare of all, and particularly of those who sailed in the ships. Good wages were paid, and the food and accommodation on board were improved to such a degree, that it became recognised among seamen, as a desirable thing to get into the service of Alfred Holt in the blue funnel steamers. If there were any real or imaginary grievances among the men, he would courteously meet the Trades Union officials, and discuss the matter in a friendly way, generally arriving at a settlement satisfactory to all concerned. It was the same with the Lascar sailors and Chinese firemen employed on the ships; he thought highly of the intelligence, sobriety, industry and cheerfulness of the latter, and often spoke with reverence of the fact, that in the dingiest fore-castle occupied by them there was a little primitive altar set apart for a religious purpose, some coloured paper with a sacred inscription, and a lamp constantly burning. When he became manager he crossed the river to Birkenhead, where the ships were loaded, every day, and he went on board each vessel as it left the port, growing to love the Mersey under all its varied aspects.

He was a good judge of character, and when it became his duty to appoint captains and others, secured a fine set of men with a strong *esprit de corps* for everything connected with the blue funnel line.

There was no favouritism, but if severity were needed to prevent risk to life, it was exercised. Nothing was more painful to him in his business life than having to dismiss a man for misconduct.

In all business relations of the firm with other traders he was perfectly fair and straightforward. Trade is a matter of mutual benefit; and though he liked a good bargain, and had no objection to large profits, he would have no underhand trickery, no taking advantage of a man's misfortunes to put on the screw. A rash man it would have been who should have offered him a secret commission, and no excuse or explanation would have persuaded him to do business with such a man again.

The Chinese trade was peculiar in being a season trade; if a regular service was to be maintained, it was requisite that the profits of the busy season should pay for the losses of the slack season. So the ship-owners sending ships regularly to China entered into an agreement that they would give a discount to all firms who shipped goods by the regular lines, and no others, all the year through, so as to discourage other shipowners from sending ships in the busy season only. Personally Mr. Crompton had little to do with making the arrangements, but when the largest owners of all, the celebrated P. and O. Company proposed to shut out of the combine the smaller owners who were already engaged in the trade, he refused to be a party to such an exclusion. With regard to the Chinese, he thought them slow and cautious in coming to terms, but that once a bargain was struck, they stuck to it faithfully and there was no likelihood of further trouble.

In the absence of a universal religion he believed that trade freely entered into was the most effective way of making the different peoples of the earth understand one another and live at peace.

He retired from business about six years ago, but continued to take an active interest in the welfare of

the line until his death. He always attributed its success to the fine qualities of Messrs. Alfred and Philip Holt, and to the devotion of the officers and managers employed in the service, never seeming conscious of his own share in its growth. He liked to look upon himself as a mate, but those who worked with him found him a real Captain of Industry. As some recognition of his character he was invited some years ago to become a Justice of the Peace, but having regard to his many existing duties, declined to accept the office.

Returning to his life outside his business, when he came to Liverpool, he first lived in Grove Park, and his children, Dorothy and Elinor Joan were born there. His wife was a most gracious woman, lovely and accomplished, a fine musician, friendly disposed to everyone ; so they soon made many acquaintances, and were sought after in the most cultured society in Liverpool. She and some friends formed a musical society and met alternately in one another's houses, and her brother, who was apprenticed in Manchester, came over every Saturday with his violin, and they played duets together on the Sundays.

After the birth of the third child, they moved to Cavendish Terrace, Prince's Park. Two years later a great sorrow came to them, for their second little girl, Dorothy, died at the age of three years and ten months. She had been a sweet child with a very harmonious disposition, a ray of sunshine in the home, loved by all. The mother's grief was poignant, but both father and mother now recognised, in a way they had not before, the meaning of the subjective life, the life in Humanity. Previously they had anticipated that the worship of Humanity would exist in the future, they now felt the need of it in the present, and began the practice of private and family prayer. Later, a fourth daughter was born which renewed the mother's joy and made them determined that their

lost child should help them in the training of their other children.

The life in Cavendish Terrace was a bright, happy, family life. Mr. Crompton had his important business to attend to, and both husband and wife looked forward with hope to the triumph of their faith in the future. What more could they desire? Sympathy for their ideal in the present! To do something, towards the realisation of that ideal, which would lighten the burdens of the people! So that when another woman believer in the Religion of Humanity came to Liverpool at the end of 1878, Mrs. Crompton welcomed her heartily, and finding some of the sympathy she sought, soon came to regard her as a younger sister. And then Mr. Crompton heard of someone buying the works of the Master, and found it to be Dr. Carson, who had learnt the religion from the books, had enthusiastically accepted its explanation of the past, its hopes for the future, and applied it for the guidance of his own life. These contacts led to a lecture by Dr. Congreve in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, to the formation of a Positivist club with meetings to study the catechism in Edmund Jones' Temperance Hotel in Christian Street; the women meeting at the same time in Mrs. Crompton's house. In the following March, Mr. Crompton became Chairman of the Club, a religious service was held, with hymns, and a sermon by Dr. Congreve, and a social meeting took place in the Washington Hotel. In July regular Sunday evening services began in a back room fitted up for the purpose at Edmund Jones' Temperance Hotel, 175 Islington. The music was undertaken by Mrs. Crompton. Dr. Carson generally spoke, but Mr. Crompton gave addresses there in October and November. In February, 1881, Mr. Crompton drew up a poster calling upon the workmen of Liverpool to attend a public meeting in the League Hall to protest against the Irish Coercion

Bill. Mr. Henry Crompton presided, and Dr. Carson spoke at the meeting. In 1881 the family moved to 81 Bedford Street, and aimed at a closer union with all members of the household, and a greater simplicity of life so far as it could be attained without paying undue attention to mere material matters.

The veteran Chartist, Edmund Jones, died in August, 1882, having fully accepted the new faith, and it was then decided to find a Church in which we could meet. At the request of Mr. and Mrs. Crompton and others, Dr. Carson accepted the apostolate, agreed to give up the practice of his profession, and devote his life to the work of the Church. This building was opened on the 1st January, 1883, there were services on the Sunday in the morning and evening, and on Thursday evenings, with social gatherings on the first Tuesday of each month. Mrs. Crompton presided at the harmonium and Mr. Crompton gave some of the addresses. He was very unwilling to do this, and spoke with difficulty, but Dr. Carson urged it upon him as a duty, that he might prepare himself for helping in the work before them.

In April, 1885, the figure of Humanity was placed here, and it was on the evening of the day it was unveiled that Mrs. Crompton was in our church for the last time. Her bodily presence was taken from her husband, and from us all, on the 21st May, the 1st St. Paul in our calendar, a day since consecrated to the founders of our Church. A terrible blow it was for her children and husband, but he found strength in the sympathy of Dr. Carson and other friends who had recognised the beauty of her life and character. From that time he devoted his life to carrying on her work in the family, and in the Church, developing his private worship that he might have her subjective presence ever with him. Every Monday morning for the rest of his life, with very few exceptions, caused by absence or illness, he visited her grave at Anfield.

She was the inspiration that guided and sustained him in all trials and difficulties. For some years it was his custom each night to express in writing, his gratitude for her love, his own shortcomings, his desire to carry on her work, to inspire their children with her purity and tenderness. Each morning he knelt with his children at her altar, each night he communed with her upon the events of the day, and so her life was incorporated in his in a remarkable manner. Every act in the long and varied work of after years was submitted to the standard of her feeling and judgment. She was to him what Beatrice had been to Dante, and Laura to Petrarch. He delighted to apply the expressions of love and devotion in their poems to his Saint Elinor, and a very living saint she has been to many who have worshipped here. He especially loved Petrarch and published a volume of his sonnets and his hymn to the Virgin in Italian with his own translation of them in verse.

On the 22nd November, 1885, Dr. Carson conferred the sacrament of maturity on him, and the sacrament of initiation on his eldest daughter. The subjective marriage with its vow of perpetual widowhood followed on the 28th November, 1886. In 1887, Dr. Carson's health began to fail, and the Sunday morning services were discontinued. From this time Mr. Crompton was frequently called upon at short notice to take the services, and as time went on increasingly did so until Dr. Carson's death in 1890. Then he threw himself into the breach with a view of continuing the work of Comte as taught in England by Dr. Congreve and Dr. Carson, sometimes speaking of himself as a watch-dog guarding the flock until a shepherd should be found.

His loyalty to Dr. Carson was unswerving. He had recognised in him a social ardour excelling that of any man he had known, a deep insight into the nature of Humanity, a power of expressing the truth, given to few. So he endeavoured to follow his teach-

ing and published extracts from his writings. He deemed it a privilege to be allowed to befriend the noble lady who had so faithfully tended Dr. Carson in his struggle to attain the higher life.

For seventeen years he has, with slight occasional assistance, conducted the services here from Sunday to Sunday without intermission, from a religious point of view, recognizing the necessity of the worship, of the doctrine, of the rule of life. He has urged the practice of private and family prayer as the best foundation for the public worship of the Church, and has been ready to help all who desired to prepare themselves for the sacraments of the Church. He composed the forms for the sacraments of destination and marriage in accordance with the indications given in the writings of Comte.

He has administered the sacraments from time to time, many of his most impressive and helpful sermons being given on these occasions. In almost every case he has given the commemorative addresses following the burial of friends who have entered upon the subjective life. He presided over the special annual festivals, of Humanity, Comte's Birthday, Founder's Day, the Festival of the Virgin, the Anniversary of Comte's death, the Day of the Dead, and the Festival of Holy Women. He instituted and conducted each year our visit to the graves at Anfield on our Founder's Day. Special services have also been held on the consecration of the founders of the Mission in Smithdown Road, on friends visiting us from a distance, and on other special occasions. Above all he desired to see our Church, a Church not built with hands, but formed by a union of hearts, united in loving memory of our dead, that our souls might be enlarged and attain to deeper and wider sympathies with those around us and with our fellows over the whole earth so that our children's lives may be happier and holier than ours.

With regard to doctrine he devoutly studied the works of our Master, and the more he did so the more convinced he became of the wisdom of Comte's teachings, and that we should accept them with confidence, until a human Church is formed with competent priests properly trained. He gave us many series of addresses on the main doctrines of our faith, on its rise in the past, on its hopes for the future. He formed classes to study the catechism and other writings of our Master and the greater poets. He gave individual instruction to many according to their special needs, and we may include under this head his constant attendance at our Thursday social meetings, and the assistance he was always ready to give there. The whole guidance he gave us was centralised round the conception of Humanity as the Virgin Mother, living on the earth, manifesting herself through the lives of her loving servants, entering into the life of each of us as we grow in her likeness.

Love for principle, and order for basis, progress for aim, live for others, live openly. This is the short creed summed up in one word Humanity, the full expression of which consists in all the wisdom man has gathered and preserved throughout all ages.

As his worship of his Saint Elinor helped him in the conduct of life, he understood more clearly Comte's claim that Clotilde was the joint founder of the religion of Humanity and his wish that she should be for ever united with him in the hearts of the faithful. To aid in the realisation of this wish he published last year a book entitled *Comte and Clotilde*, containing translations of the Dedication and Final Invocation in the Positive Polity and of Comte's private prayers, with an introduction to the latter. During the last year he has rejoiced greatly that our friend Otto Baier has dedicated himself as an apostle of the faith and entered upon the training necessary for the due performance of the office.

With regard to the rule of life, his own life in its constant endeavour to reach a higher ideal has been the greatest gift he has left us. Simple and dignified, he was in the most complete sense of the term, a religious man, for he endeavoured to act in accordance with the precepts of his faith in his family life, and in his business and public life. His life was one whole inspired by social feeling as fully revealed to him by his own saints and angels. He was always ready to give advice and help to all who appealed to him, and since he gave up his industrial work has made it his aim to be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts of all who were in the habit of meeting here. His practical advice in matters of difficulty was very valuable, he was a veritable 'Mr. Greatheart, the guide,' to all women and children. He had a special reverence for women, and a marvellous way of entering into the thoughts and fancies of children; with them he became a little child, and it was delightful to see the little ones around him. But it was to those in sorrow and distress that he revealed the depth of his love. He seemed to know their feelings instinctively and the best way to make his sympathy felt.

His love for poetry increased as he grew older, and he became imbued with the Imitation and never weary of Homer and Virgil; Petrarch, Dante and Ariosto; Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. He wrote some of our hymns, including the one we have sung to-night, and many sonnets illustrating passing events in his life.

His religious efforts were not confined to his work here or among the members of this congregation. His ministrations extended to the Churches in London, Newcastle, Batley and Leicester. He spoke once at the tomb of our Master in Paris, and took a considerable part in the purchase by our Brazilian friends of the house in which Clotilde died, and its conversion into a Chapel of Humanity. He corresponded with Posi-

tivists all the world over, especially since the death of Dr. Congreve, and in particular with the Church of Brazil, to whom we owe the wreath on our altar. Moreover he gave addresses in connexion with our religion to the Independent Labour Party, the Secularists, the Hope Street Unitarian Church, the Belfast Ethical Society, the Fabian Society, and the Peace Society.

His reverence for Dr. Congreve led to his publication of extracts from his addresses, under the title 'Humanity from the Pen of Richard Congreve.'

He took little part in current party politics, but was much interested in international questions, and particularly in the results of the contact between different races of men. When there was danger of war with the Transvaal he had a vigorous placard posted on the walls of Liverpool saying that to fight the Boers would be murder and that the responsibility would be ours if we suffered this outrage on Humanity to be perpetrated in the name of England. On war being declared he helped to form the Conciliation Committee, and attended the meetings held in favour of peace. Since, he has endeavoured to break down in our minds the hideous idol of Empire set up by both political parties. He has spoken with no uncertain sound as to the duty of placing the government of India in native hands, and at the time of his illness, in February, was intending to give an address advocating the independence of Ireland.

While viewing this devotion to the work of the Church, we must not forget his home life. He loved beauty and order, and set a high value on punctuality and cleanliness. He did his best, to himself supply the place of their mother to his young children, and adopted two sisters to help him in their training. In the early years after his wife's death, he was known to some, from the pleasing sight he made, when walking to the office absorbed in conversation with two of his

daughters. As his daughters grew up they became valued helpers in the work he had undertaken, and he had much satisfaction in seeing two of them married to husbands of their own faith, with loving children of their own.

But although he had passed on to them a large share of the glory of their mother's life, he never ceased regretting the loss they had sustained through her premature death. His grief remained with him, he frequently felt the desire of being at rest beside her, but there immediately came the remembrance of his duty to continue and perfect her work. This was his constant stimulus to submission, and renewed exertion.

Even in this short notice of his life we must not omit some reference to the cottage he built at Formby. It was designed to be a place to which the children might go with their mother, for some months in the year, without being separated from him, to enjoy the pleasures of country life, with the flowers and birds, the sea-bathing and fresh air, and that all the members of his household might grow closer together as one family. This it came to be, but more than this, it became a resting place for numbers of friends to whom it was lent from time to time, many of whom were ill able to get the rest and retirement it afforded in any other way; and this last spring and summer, after the warning had been given us, it was a beautiful haven of refuge for himself. His married daughters and their families were in a neighbouring house, that his quiet might not be disturbed, but as he grew stronger it was a charming picture to see him on the lawn, with the members of his household, his children, and grandchildren around him. He was so content and harmonious that we hoped that he would be spared many years to help and encourage us. Especially was this so, when he was able to conduct our visit to the graves on Founder's Day, and to speak here on the Sundays in

July and on the first Sunday in August. But it was not to be ; it was thought desirable that he should have further rest and change, so he left us on August 4th for the Black Forest, the Tyrol, Italy, and Switzerland. He wrote bright letters to his friends and all seemed going well until September 24th, when he caught a chill at Geneva. He travelled to Paris the next day, and on arrival found it necessary to call in medical aid. Our friends, Mrs. Carson and Dr. Nicholson visited him there, and reports being favourable we were looking forward to seeing him in a few days, when on the morning of the 1st October a telegram came that he had died in the sacred city. On the 3rd we laid his body to rest at Anfield, in the same grave with his Saint Elinor, in the presence of numbers of real mourners, his comrades in his home, his business and city, and in this Church.

How shall we sum up the life I have been endeavouring to put before you ? We have seen our friend as the happy boy, the bright youth, the earnest student, the ardent lover, the proud husband, the capable, far-seeing business man, the devoted teacher, the inspired preacher, the tender father, and the faithful friend. What was it that connected these together to make the noble man we have known ? Was it not a continuous growth in holiness, a life-long preparation for the fulness of the life in Humanity ?

In a happy home his feelings and senses had been cultivated, he had grown to be a vigorous man, full of life, with strong passions, notably with a desire to do things well, and a great love of power ; conscious of his own integrity, confident in his own judgment, he did not much trouble as to what people might think of him, and a certain brusqueness of manner, a shyness arising from a fear to be thought forward or intrusive, often prevented those who met him from penetrating beneath the surface, and getting to know the man within.

As he came in contact with the realities of life, and reality was a thing he valued most highly, and especially as he felt for the sorrows of those he loved, he found that the way of the cross is still the road to perfection, to the fulness of life. His social sympathies were quickened by prayer and meditation, his veneration for Comte, Dr. Congreve, Dr. Carson, and the greater known saints of the past was increased. By constant communing with his Saint Elinor, and through her with loving and saintly women of all time, he attained to a refinement of feeling, which in later years he was wont to say, should be the mark of a Positivist. This increased his attachment to home and all that home means, and so stimulated his pity that it became unfailing to all known to him as weak or unfortunate. It also led him to cultivate the virtues of temperance and purity, of mercy and content, of humility and modesty. Especially has he taught us in these later years to honour under the names of Comte and Clotilde that noblest manifestation of Humanity, the union of the sexes in the work of social regeneration. We are now permitted to see that such a union has been working in our midst. Very near to our hearts will henceforth be the names of our saints Elinor and Albert.

I will conclude with the end part of the last appeal he made to us here, on the 2nd August, and pray that it may take root in our hearts. He said:—

‘The religion of Humanity calls to-night (more than for anything else) for the cultivation of our veneration, and this is to be effected mainly by the worship of Humanity in public, and by that of our own saints in private, so as to learn more truly the nature of our Supreme Being. With love in our hearts we shall feel our veneration grow as our knowledge of Her grows. For Herself, for Her universal saints, for the saints of our households, aye for the house which holds them, even for its inanimate contents. We shall

look upon the commonest domestic instruments, even the materials of our food, our dress, everything, with veneration : this must not seem strange or overwrought to you : we shall touch everything tenderly—reverently—what Humanity has consecrated, we may not call common or unclean. For is not Humanity in them all ? Our city will be at once metamorphosed without the alterations of a brick when we open our eyes to the Humanity—the human effort, that is everywhere around us. For all these things are living through the love Humanity puts into them, but this will result in no selfish apathy, but in the strenuous effort to make all more beautiful, more worthy of Her who dwells in all. “The earth is full of the presence of the Lord—the firmament showeth His handy work.” True universal mother, we can see and worship her, in all Her works. Mark then how Her full and complete worship rests upon all three of the social instincts, attachment, veneration, and humanity, blossoming in a pure and chastened heart.

Blessed they, who can unite in the worship of our divinity, and see Her under the form, which all alike, together, with one heart and soul, shall love and venerate : under the form of the spotless Mother—thereby quickening their energies to lives of devotion. For feeling is the spring of action—and love is supreme—there is nothing real in the world but love.’

SYDNEY STYLE
Born at Salisbury, 1848





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